

LOCAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bullock of Delano, Calif., are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Luck of 257th street.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Milz of Los Angeles were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nielson.

Misses Nellie and Charlotte Card and Ethel and Lois Haslam spent Sunday with the four Edwards girls on Weston street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sidebotham and Charles Sidebotham have returned from several weeks' stay at Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paulsen of Redondo boulevard spent Saturday with Los Angeles friends.

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STYLISH SPORTS

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The One who Forgot
By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell-shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he became engaged before going to France. Nan has left London to go home and care for her three motherless stepbrothers, but is still in touch with her friend, JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband has just returned to France, and who insists that Nan should forget Peter and encourage the love of Peter's friend and fellow officer, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, not far from the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister and is greatly disgusted with the advances of HARLEY SETON, a money lender, who claims to have been a friend of Peter's before he went to the front. Since his return Peter has failed to identify him. Seton is pressing his unwelcome suit is surprised by Peter in a wood near the Marraby estate forcing his kisses upon Nan. Nan, fearful of what Seton might say to the brain-sick man, asks him to leave, and runs home, to find her father ready to leave for London. Nan asks her father about Seton and tells him that he has asked her to marry him and that she refused. Her father is infuriated over her refusal. Two days later Arnott offers his love to Nan and is refused. He has just left the house when Nan spies Peter and her brothers coming toward the house. He has also seen her, making escape impossible.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I HOPE the boys haven't been worrying you," Nan said as Peter and the boys came near. "Not in the least—we've had a fine afternoon in the woods." He spoke rather coldly, as if they were strangers, Nan thought with a childish sinking heart. Peter stood there—not looking at her, with the boys clamoring round her.

"Nan—ask him to tea—"
"Yes, ask him to tea—"
"To tea," Claudie chorused shrilly.

"Not tonight," Peter said hastily. "It's late—Miss Marraby doesn't want me tonight."

"I shall be pleased if you will," Nan said hurriedly; she hoped she did not sound as eager as she felt—her heart leaped at the thought of his coming; to have tea with him in the schoolroom—to have him to herself for just a little while.

Peter hesitated; he looked at his watch.

"I ought to get back—I promised Mrs. Mears . . ."

"Oh, then, of course, we won't keep you. Come, boys, say goodbye to Mr. Lyster—he wants to be going."

Miserable jealousy raged in her heart; she caught Claudie almost roughly by the hand.

"Say good night to Mr. Lyster at once, and come in," she said sharply.

She knew that Peter was looking at her.

"I think I will stay after all, if I may be allowed to change my mind," he said suddenly.

Nan hardly knew if she were relieved or sorry—she could not meet his eyes.

"You ought to go back if you promised," she said; her voice was cold and unfriendly.

"I never do things I ought to do," Peter answered, with a faint smile.

The boys were wild with excitement; they rushed on ahead into the house.

"We only have a most ordinary tea," Nan said; she was so nervous she hardly knew what she was saying.

"I know," he answered coolly. "You told me before—think bread

and jam—but you promised me the top crust, you know."

She led the way into the schoolroom; she knelt down and poked the fire into a blaze.

"Father is away," she said. "He's been in London for the past two days—don't know when he will be back. Will you sit here?"—she dragged forward a chair.

Peter sat down in the rather shabby armchair by the fire and stretched his long legs with a sigh of contentment.

"This is the first time I've felt really at home since I came back," he said.

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"The first time . . . What do you mean? Surely Mrs. Mears . . ."

"Oh, she is kindness itself; but the house is rather formal—there are half a dozen servants, and . . . well . . ." He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"I thought she seemed very nice," said Nan; it was the last thing she had thought, but she was so happy to hear Peter say he was more at home with her than over at Gadsden that she felt magnanimous. She began to pour out the tea.

"You don't take sugar, I know; you see, I haven't forgotten—"

She stopped with a stifled exclamation. Just for the moment it had seemed as if the intervening weeks had been swept away, and that she and Peter were once more on the old happy terms. But apparently he had noticed nothing—and she drew a breath of relief.

"I shall go into your regiment, Mr. Lyster," Jim said, "because I like the badge on your cap."

"So shall I," said Buster.

"And me," echoed Claudie in his piping treble.

Peter laughed.

"Time enough in another twenty years," he said. "If the war is not over then," he added, smiling at Nan.

"Sometimes it seems as if it never will be over," she said.

"Sometimes it seems impossible that we shall ever be at peace again—"

She broke off—her blue eyes dilated. She had heard the sound of the garden gate, and through the half light outside had seen Harley Seton's figure pass the window.

She was on her feet in an instant and out of the room. Peter heard her urgent voice in the hall: "I am not at home, Mary—am not at home to anyone. Say that you do not know when I shall be in."

She came back flushed and breathless.

Peter met her eyes.

"Was that Seton?" he asked.

"Yes," of Nan's eyes fell. Her cheeks burned.

Peter sat looking absently before him, then all at once he spoke: "Did you send Seton away because I was here?"

"Yes," said Nan.

Bitterness filled his eyes.

"You should not have troubled; I could easily have gone."

Nan did not answer; her hands shook as she began to pack the plates together.

Lyster rose and went to stand by the fire; he kicked at the glowing logs viciously.

"Are you going to marry that brute?" he asked curtly.

Nan raised her eyes; for a moment she could not speak.

He went on without waiting for her answer.

"Surely it's not such a very extraordinary thing to ask, is it, after—the other afternoon? It's no business of mine, I admit, but—"

He broke off.

"Oh, no, it's no business of yours," she said recklessly.

He bent on angrily: "Seton is no good. If he ever was a friend of mine—which I doubt—all I can say is that I've been a bigger fool than I could ever have believed. Lately I've heard things about him—unpleasant things. If—if you are thinking of marrying him, it's only fair you should be told what he is—I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to walk blindfolded into such a marriage."

Nan's pale cheeks were crimson.

"Thank you," she said shrilly.

"Thank you very much for your kind interest, but I'm quite able to take care of myself. I've learned enough—and suffered enough in the past few months to teach me that no man is what one believes him to be. I don't suppose Seton is any worse than the rest."

Peter moved a step towards her.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

There was a sort of uncertainty in his voice. "It's nonsense talking like this. There are plenty of decent men in the world—good fellows who would make you happy—Arnott, for instance . . ."

Nan's breath came hard.

"Has he asked you to appeal for him?" she demanded harshly. "If that's why you've come here you might as well have saved yourself the trouble. It's nothing to do with you—I shall marry Mr. Seton if I like—when I want your advice I'll ask for it."

Lyster turned rather pale.

"Arnott has never spoken of you to me; he has too much pride. I suppose I had no right to speak to you on the matter at all—I beg your pardon."

There was something in the poise of his head—something in the tone of his voice that took Nan back to the memory of the one small quarrel she and this man had ever had to mar the happiness of their engagement.

Before she was aware of it his name escaped her lips in a little strangled cry—

"Peter!"

She had put such a careful guard on her lips during the last weeks. Not once had she forgotten and addressed him by his Christian name; but now, for the moment at least, nothing seemed to matter but that she was patting with him in anger. It took her heart to see the little droop of his shoulders—the hurt look in his eyes.

Peter turned in a flash and went back to where she stood.

"Miss Marraby?"

She flung up her head; her eyes were hard and bright.

"Oh, go—go!" she said fiercely. "Let me alone. Why can't you go?"

"I'm sorry if I've hurt you," Peter said. He found it difficult to choose words in which to speak to her. "I had no right to say what I did. Please forgive me and forget it."

"There's nothing to forgive," she said hoarsely. "I shouldn't care, only—lately somehow I'm such an idiot. This is the second time I've made a fool of myself in front of you."

A queer expression crossed his face. She heard him catch his breath. He took a step towards her.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "that sometimes—when I am with you—I get a strange sort of conviction that I've known you before—sometimes—your smile, or the way you move your shoulders like a sort of pained indecision struggled in his eyes. "Miss Marraby—are you one of those people whom I have forgotten?" he asked.

"Were you ever in that part of my life which I cannot remember?"

(To Be Continued)

IN SOCIETY

MRS. GOODRICH HOSTESS TO REBEKAH OFFICERS

Mrs. H. B. Goodrich, junior past grand of Trio Rebekah Lodge, entertained the suite of officers at a charming luncheon last Thursday at her home in Gardena.

A color scheme of pastel shades was carried out in the decoration of rooms, tables and favors. A handsome bridge lamp was presented to Mrs. Goodrich by the retiring officers.

Guests present were Mrs. Matt Kerber, Mrs. John Waite, Mrs. H. B. Anderson, Mrs. Alex MacPhail, Mrs. Carl Ross, Mrs. Julius Gertzen, Mrs. O. E. Hunt, Mrs. Mary Morgan, Mrs. E. W. Brumpton, Mrs. J. L. Luck, Mrs. R. I. Hudson, Mrs. Robert Wark, and Miss Lucy Owens.

Mrs. G. W. Tubbs of Orange street was a guest Friday of relatives in San Pedro.

Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Grice of Pasadena were dinner guests Friday of Mrs. Mary Ann Phillips of Miller street.

Mrs. Payne of Sun street was entertained Thursday by Torrance friends.

LOCAL NOTES

Mrs. Nellie Brown and sons, of San Pedro, were Friday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jaros of Orange street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peightal of Miller street and their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, of Lodi, spent Sunday at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith were entertained at dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Smith of Los Angeles.

Mrs. R. B. Bell of Redondo boulevard has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. A. A. Arthur, of Long Beach.

Miss Sybil Cox, who is spending the summer in Los Angeles, was a weekend visitor at her home on Redondo boulevard.

Mrs. J. A. Smith and Mrs. Thomas Moore spent Saturday in Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Peck and family, of Miller street, were entertained Friday by Mr. and Mrs. George Peck of Santa Ana.

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